



14

\$3.50

BRITAIN'S
GREATEST
HERO!

A
PAUL GRIST
COMIC!

Jack Staff



★ INTRODUCING ★
MR. PUNCH



AND -- BACK BY
POPULAR DEMAND
**ALFRED
CHINNARD!**

Jack Staff



PAUL GRIST
WRITER/ARTIST

ERIC STEPHENSON
COLOURS



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Well, the Jack Staff Special was a huge success. Sold out within two hours on the shelves. Rave reviews. They were queuing round the block when I did the signing at the Manchester Forbidden Planet on the 19th Jan.

FLAG WAVING

I'm sorry, I can't go on. It's lies, all of it, lies! I'm actually writing this three days before the Manchester signing, and the Jack Staff Special hasn't actually come out yet. In fact it's starting to look dangerously close to being a comic signing without a comic to sign at the moment! It does give me a chance to tell you my 'Manchester Comic Shop' story.

Back in the days when you could get US comics at your local newsagent, I was a student at Manchester Polytechnic. The only comic shops I knew of were in London. One day, whilst walking the side streets of the city centre, I noticed a dinghy little shop with a few magazines in the window. Through the window I could see a spinner rack with Marvel and DC comics in it. And these weren't the ones you could get at the newsagents. They were imports, 2 - 3 months ahead of what I was already reading. Okay, they were charging cent = penny for the prices so I was paying 40p for a comic (yes, it was a long time ago), but that was the cost of the bus fare, and I could always walk home!

What I didn't know was that the shop was a porn shop.

After a few months visiting the shop I noticed there was a curtained off room that seemed to attract some attention. Perhaps that's where they have the back issues I thought. So I had a look. And let's just say, it wasn't back issues they kept there.

The year I finished at the poly, the first real comic shop, Oddessy 7, opened, making comic buying the respectable occupation that it is today.

Hello to all those who did come to the signings at Manchester and the Sheffield Space Centre last month (or next week as I like to call it). Hope you didn't have to queue too long!

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ENGLAND

CALL ME
**MISTER
CHINARD**

I USED
TO BE ONE
OF THOSE
SUPER
TYPES.

I GUESS
YOU'D
CALL ME A
VILLAIN
...

BUT
THAT ALL
DEPENDS
ON YOUR
POINT OF
VIEW.

HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING
ME FOR QUARTER OF
AN HOUR NOW.

OY!
MATE!

WHERE
YOU
GOIN'?

WAITING FOR THE
MOMENT. THIS IS IT.

HALFWAY DOWN THE
GENNELL. ISOLATED.
NO ONE TO HEAR ANY
CRIES FOR HELP. NO ONE
TO COME TO THE RESCUE.

CHINK

THERE'S NOWHERE TO
TURN. NOWHERE TO
HIDE. TRAPPED.

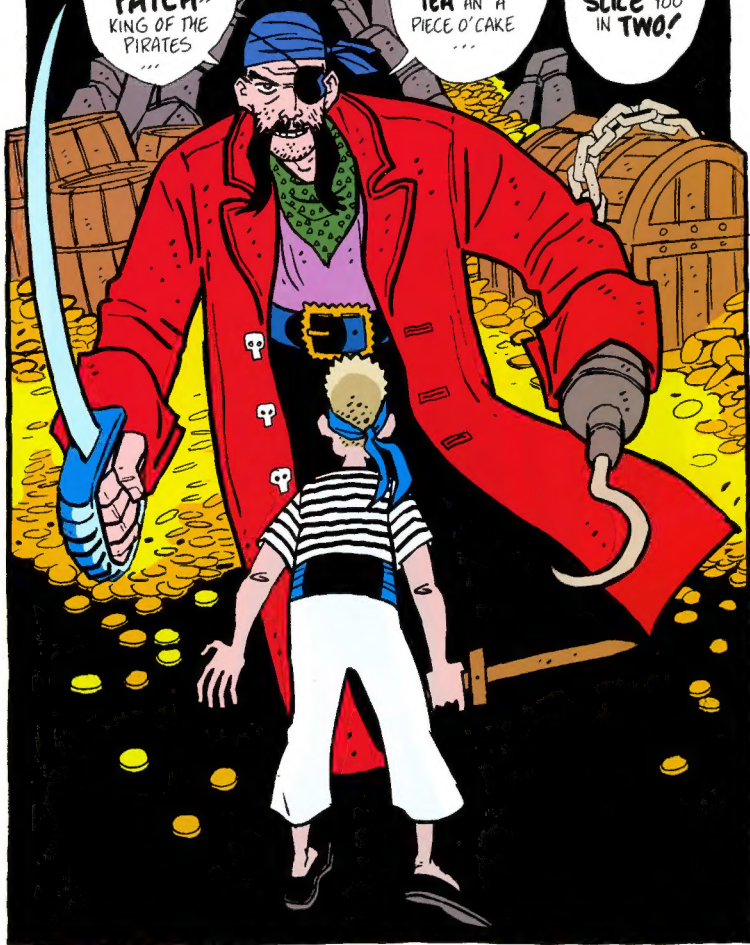
LIKE I SAID - IT ALL
DEPENDS ON YOUR
POINT OF VIEW.

ALRIGHTY
LAD - THIS
'ERE LAND
'APPENS T'BE
THE PROPERTY OF
**CAPTAIN
PATCH**..
KING OF THE
PIRATES
...

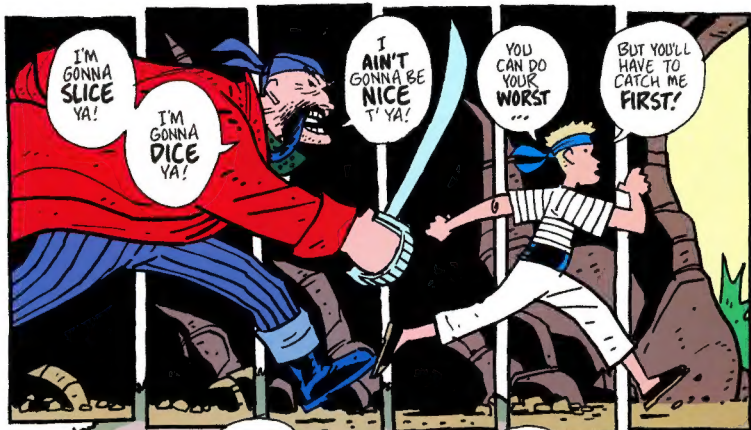
THAT'S
ME-- IF YER
AIN'T
ALREDDY
GUESSED
...

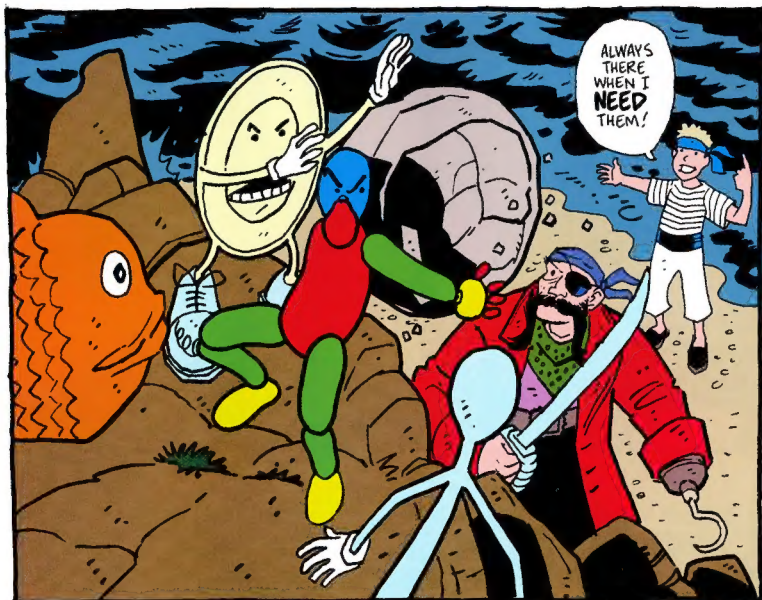
AN'
I DON'T
REMEMBER
INVITIN' THE
LIKES OF YOU
'ROUND FER
**AFTERNOON
TEA** AN' A
PIECE O' CAKE
...

SO
STATE YER
NAME AN'
BUSINESS
YER LITTEL
CABIN RAT
AFORE I
SLICE YOU
IN **TWO!**





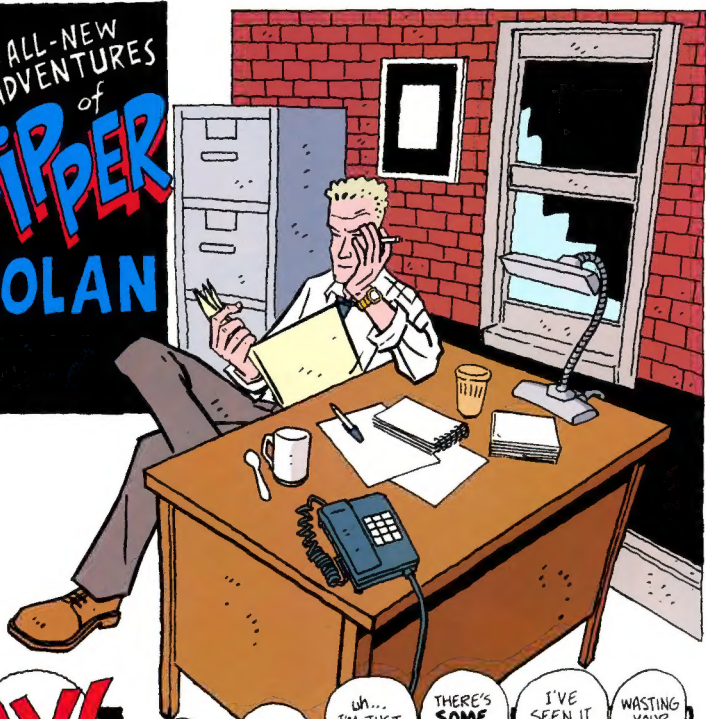




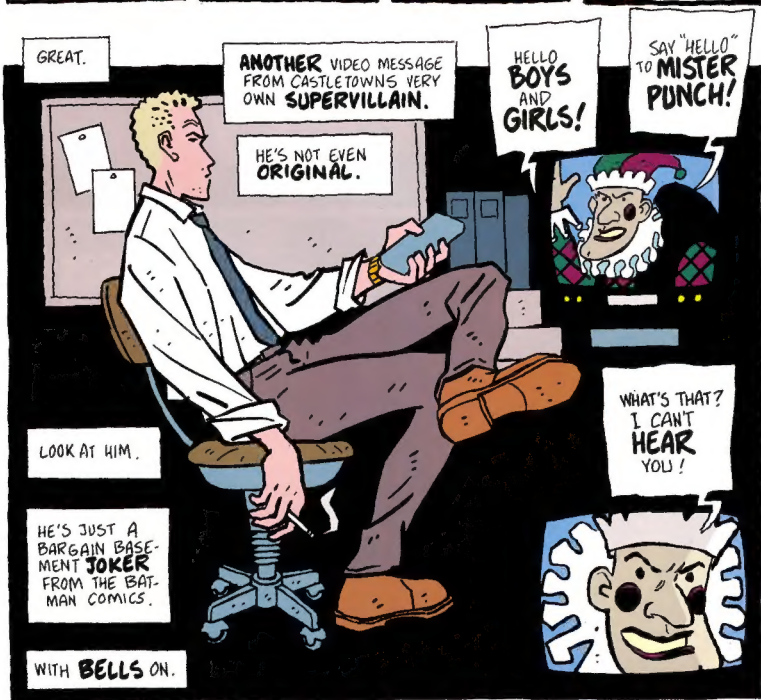
AND THEY SAILED OFF
INTO THE SUNSET IN
SEARCH OF **NEW**
ADVENTURES!

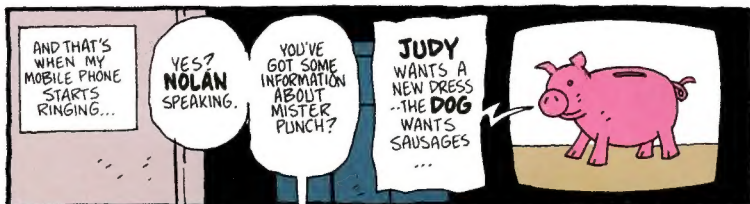


the ALL-NEW ADVENTURES of **ZIPPER NOLAN**



*SEE JACKSTAFF # 8 AND 9 FOR FULL DETAILS!





ATOMIC BATTERIES
TO POWER SUPPLY...



Tuppers

AFTER TWENTY
MINUTES I'M
THINKING MAYBE
SOMEONE'S
HAVING A LAUGH.

AND IT'S NOT ME.

YEAH?

WELL I'M
OUTSIDE
BUT THERE'S
NO SIGN
OF MISTER
PUNCH
...

LOOK -
WHO IS
THIS?

IS THIS
SOME
KIND OF
WIND
UP?

THE
WINDOW?
YEAH?

IT'S
BEHIND
ME.

I...



GOOD EVENING
SIR, WELCOME
TO **TUPPERS**.

DOES SIR
HAVE A
RESERVATION?

SORRY, NO, BUT
I'M AN OLD FRIEND
OF MISTER
TUPPER ...

I WAS
THINKING
PERHAPS
YOU COULD
SQUEEZE
US IN?

TABLE
FOR
TWO?

LET'S SEE...
THERE SHOULD
BE A TABLE
FREE AT NINE.

IN
MAY.

2027.

PERHAPS IN
THE MEANTIME
SIR COULD GIVE
SOME
THOUGHT TO BUYING
A TIE?

oh
COME
ON EDDY,
HAVE
ANOTHER
LOOK.

oh- MISS
JONES!
I'M SORRY,
I DIDN'T
REALISE THE
'GENTLEMAN'
WAS WITH
YOU.

BUT
THERE'S
STILL THE
MATTER
OF THE
TIE...

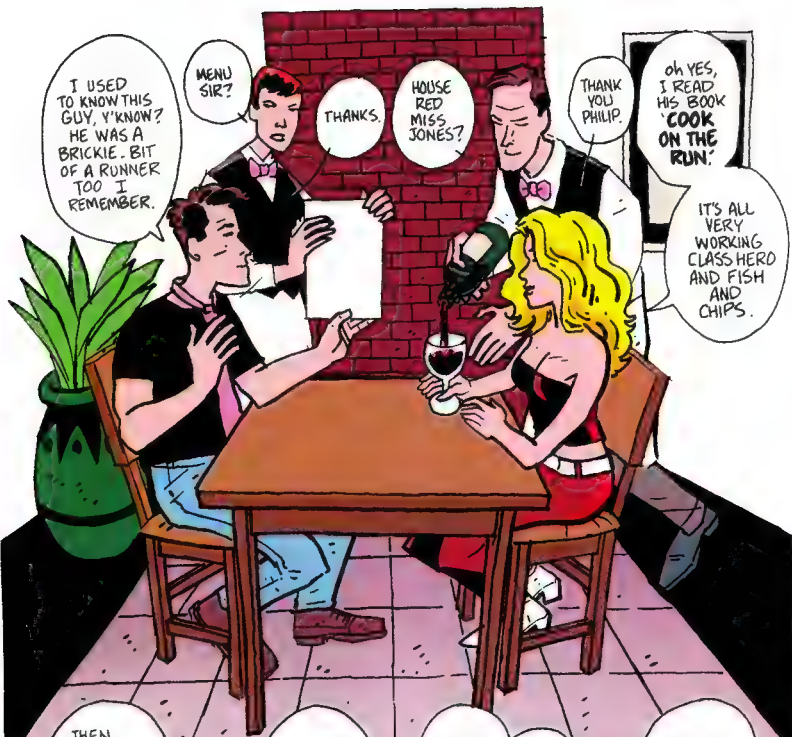
WELL, I'M
SURE CAN
COME TO SOME
ARRANGEMENT
ABOUT THE
TIE. CAN'T
WE?

DON'T
COME RUN-
NING TO SIR
NEXT TIME
YOU NEED A
BUILDER!

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
EDMUND,
HE'S ALWAYS
HAPPY TO DO
A LITTLE
SQUEEZING,
eh ED?

**Lynda
Jones**
CALENDAR
GIRL





I USED TO KNOW THIS GUY, Y'KNOW? HE WAS A BRICKIE. BIT OF A RUNNER TOO I REMEMBER.

MENU SIR?

THANKS.

HOUSE RED MISS JONES?

THANK YOU PHILIP.

OH YES, I READ HIS BOOK 'COOK ON THE RUN'.

IT'S ALL VERY WORKING CLASS HERO AND FISH AND CHIPS.

THEN ONE DAY HE PACKS IT ALL IN AND SAY'S HE'S OPENING UP HIS OWN RESTAURANT.

I FIGURED HE'D BE BACK ON THE BUILDING SITE WITHIN SIX MONTHS ...

NOW I CAN'T EVEN GET PAST THE FRONT DOOR!

CELEBRITY CHEFS.

THEY'RE THE NEW ROCK N' ROLL.

I NEVER REALISED YOU WERE SO WELL CONNECTED, JOHN SMITH.

BUT YOU'RE NOT JUST AN **ORDINARY** BUILDER, ARE YOU JOHN?



PUNCH!









the ALL-NEW
ADVENTURES
of
ZIPPER
NOLAN



COME ON ZIPPER!
DO SOMETHING!

YOU'RE A POLICEMAN!
COME ON!

WHAT
CAN I
DO?

PHONE'S
USELESS.

FLAT
BATTERY.

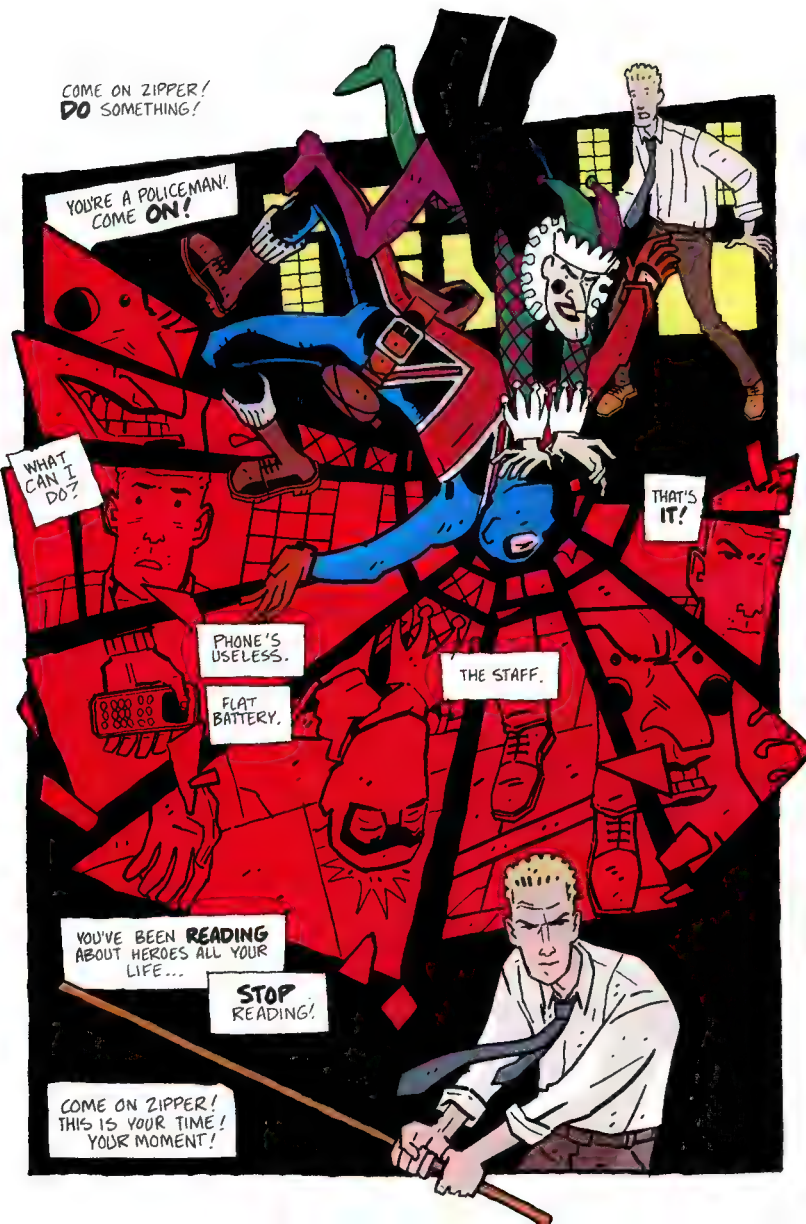
THE STAFF.

THAT'S
IT!

YOU'VE BEEN **READING**
ABOUT HEROES ALL YOUR
LIFE...

STOP
READING!

COME ON ZIPPER!
THIS IS YOUR TIME!
YOUR MOMENT!



YOUR CHANCE TO
BE THE **HERO!**



BACK
OFF! I'M
WARNING
YOU!

WELL
DONE!
VE-RY
GOOD!

YOU
HANDLE
THE STICK
WELL!

DON'T
HOLD
ONTO IT
SO TIGHT
...

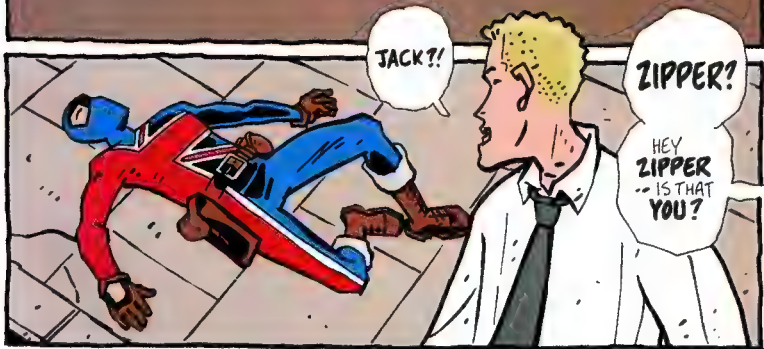
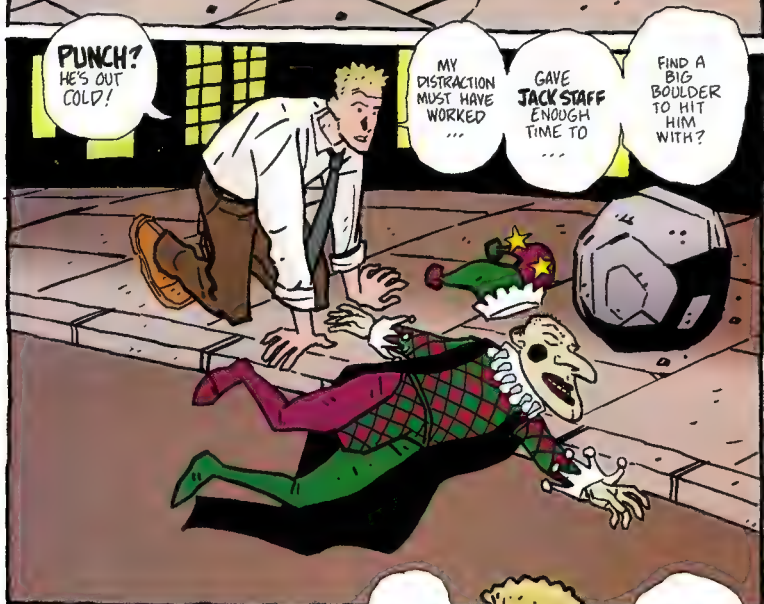
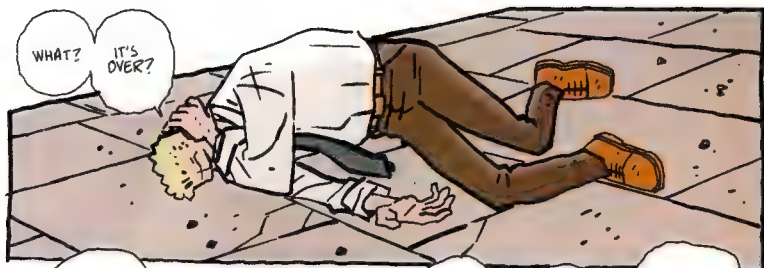
JUST
LET IT
REST
IN YOUR
HAND,
NICE AND
EASY..

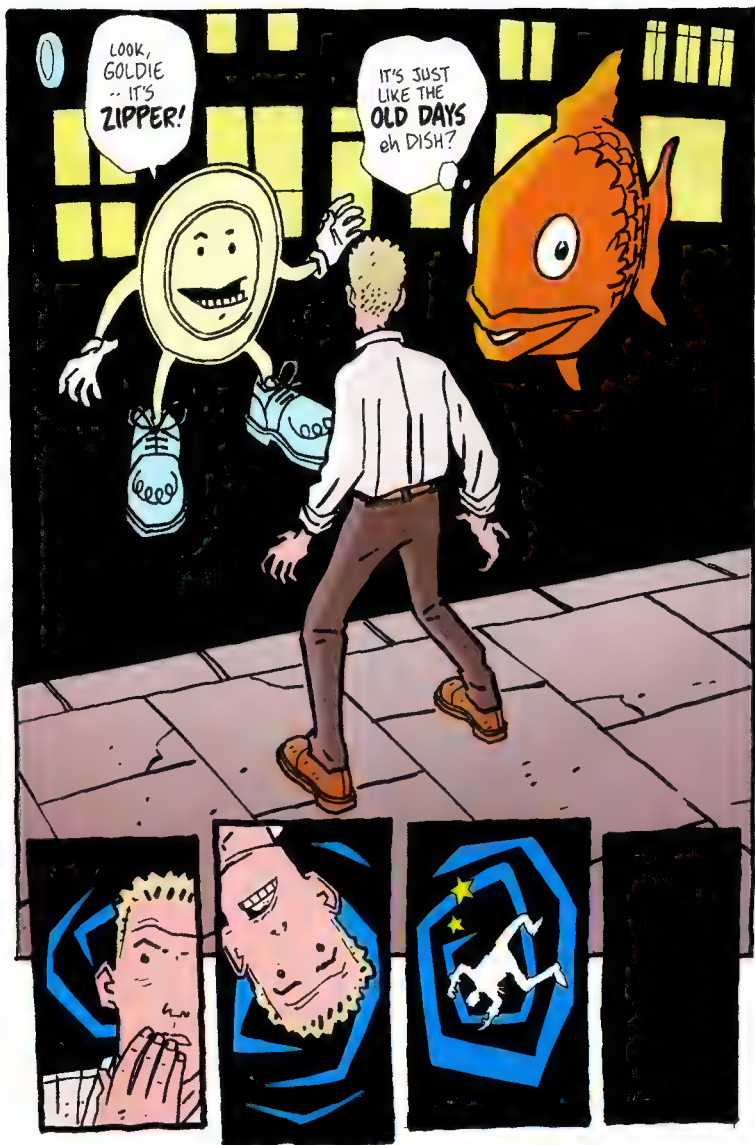
YOU
WANT SOME
ADVICE
FROM AN
OLD
HAND?

THAT'S
IT..

THAT'S
RIGHT
...







NO ONE TO
HEAR ANY
CRIES FOR
HELP.

NO ONE TO
COME TO
THE RESCUE.

I DON'T DO THE
'SUPER STUFF'
NOWADAYS.

RETIRED.

I'M TOO OLD TO PLAY
DRESS UP ANY MORE.

BUT THESE THINGS
HAVE A WAY OF
COMING BACK AT
YOU, ONCE YOU'VE
PLAYED WITH
THE TOYS YOU
CAN'T PUT
THEM BACK
IN THE
BOX.



THIS WASN'T A RANDOM
MUGGING. THIS WAS
PLANNED. FOR ME.

SOMEONES GONE TO
A LOT OF TROUBLE
TO DELIVER A LETTER.



THEY'RE PLAYING
GAMES. ME?

CONGRATULATIONS
MISTER CHINARD

YOU'VE PASSED THE
AUDITION



I'M PLAYING CATCH UP.



PAUL GRIST
**Burglar
Bill™**

Okay, pay attention, this might get a bit tricky. Remember the car radio. It's all about the car radio.

Wybourn steals the car radio, but before the police come to pick him up, he passes it onto Carter Knowle. Whilst locked up in a Police cell overnight, Wybourn meets Bill, a Burglar arrested after a run in with local villain, Norton Woodseats. Together they gatecrash the launch party for a major redevelopment of the Canal Wharf site. A party which comes to a sudden end when the body of Carter Knowle is pulled out of the canal.

Wybourn and Bill return to Wybourns flat, only to be attacked by the original owners of the car radio (you do remember the car radio, don't you?), but they escape into the night.

That evening local reporter Firth Park finds herself arrested after a drunken night out with fellow reporter Walkley Bank, and a vagrant called Tinsley Viaduct. When she is released the following morning she is handed a carrier bag that she was holding when she was arrested (she doesn't remember, but it originally belonged to Tinsley Viaduct). When she gets back to her office she opens the bag to find it contains a car radio. Yes, that car radio. See, I said it was important!

At the same time as Firth finds the radio, the newspaper offices are stormed by a wrestler called the Spider who challenges the Council Leader Grey Stones to a wrestling match to decide the future of the City Hall, which is threatened with closure as part of a recent round of council cutbacks.

Later that day, Wybourn gets a visit from The Spider and his fellow wrestler, The Masked Marvel. They unmask, only to reveal that they are the two people who originally owned the car radio. Before Wybourn stole it.

That should do it, now read on...

...AND
THEN
HE SAYS
TO HER...

'ALRIGHT
MISSY-
YOU'RE
NICKED!'

HAH
HAH-HA
HAH!

QUIET
IN THERE
YOU
TWO!!

... shh ...
... shh ...
HERE'S A
SECRET...

I SAW
YOUR PAL
CARTER
KNOWLE
IN THE PUB
THE OTHER
NIGHT

HE ASKED
ME TO LOOK
AFTER THIS
PARCEL HE HAD
... SAID IT WAS
IMPORTANT.

OF COURSE
I PROMISED
HIM - I SAID
I'D GUARD IT
WITH MY
LIFE.

I ASSURED
HIM I'D
NEVER LET
IT OUT OF
MY SIGHT.

SO
DON'T
LET ON
I LOST
IT eh?



GANNETT

BACKGROUND FEATURE

PROFILE OF COUNCIL LEADER GREY STONES



by Firth Park

COUNCIL LEADER GREY STONES once said 'In this line of work, if people like what you're doing, then you're not doing your job properly.'

With council facilities such as swimming pools, public toilets and libraries now threatened with closure, the bin strike entering its fifth week and now with the popular City Hall facing a bill of nearly a million pounds for electrical repairs, Mr Stones is to be congratulated on a job well done.

COUNCIL LEADER GREY STONES WAS A DROWNING MAN.

THE CITY WAS IN DIFFICULT TIMES. HE KNEW THAT, BUT HE WAS IN CONTROL. HE WAS ON TOP OF THINGS.

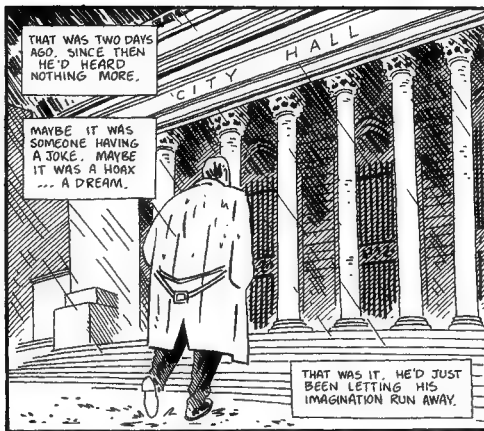
HE WAS.

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE GOT THE PHONE CALL. A MUFFLED VOICE TALKING ABOUT SECRET COUNCIL DEALS BEING MADE BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

THEN HANGING UP.

LEAVING COUNCIL LEADER GREY STONES SUDDENLY OUT OF HIS DEPTH, SPLASHING ABOUT IN CONFUSION.





THAT WAS TWO DAYS AGO. SINCE THEN HE'D HEARD NOTHING MORE.

MAYBE IT WAS SOMEONE HAVING A JOKE. MAYBE IT WAS A HOAX --- A DREAM.

THAT WAS IT. HE'D JUST BEEN LETTING HIS IMAGINATION RUN AWAY.

The 47 year old leader of the Council was elected to office three years ago. A popular choice, his promise was to rebuild services which had been neglected for years.

His slogan was 'Make the City work for the people work people work for the city.'



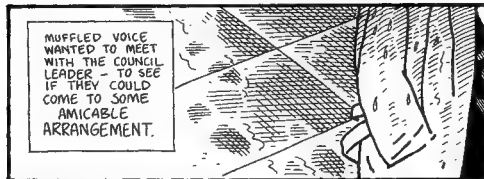
AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH COULD THEY POSSIBLY KNOW? HOW MUCH COULD THEY REALLY HAVE ON HIM?

SINK THE STEAME

THEN THE PHONE RANG AGAIN AND HARPOONED THAT SMALL DINGHY OF HOPE.

Since then, council taxes have risen to their highest ever level at the same time as services have become more and more stretched.

Mr. Stones has seen his popularity level fall to an all time low.



MUFFLED VOICE WANTED TO MEET WITH THE COUNCIL LEADER - TO SEE IF THEY COULD COME TO SOME AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT.

The eldest son of a steel worker, Stones was a reluctant politician. From an early age he was involved in what might be called 'Grass Roots Politics', campaigning for local people. Local causes.



THAT WAS AN HOUR AGO.

Now it seems, his position has distanced him from the concerns and needs of the people he originally entered the political arena to represent.

THE MEETING
WAS TO BE AT
THE CITY HALL
A THIRTY-SECOND
WALK FROM THE
TOWN HALL.



A WALK WHICH HAD TAKEN
THE COUNCIL LEADER HALF
AN HOUR TO COMPLETE.

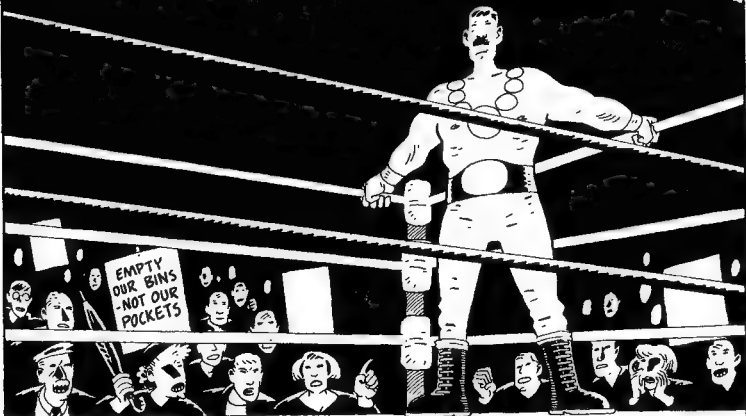
Fight

Grey Stones has never
been one to shy away from
confrontation. A quality
which has won him
respect, if not friends
over the years.

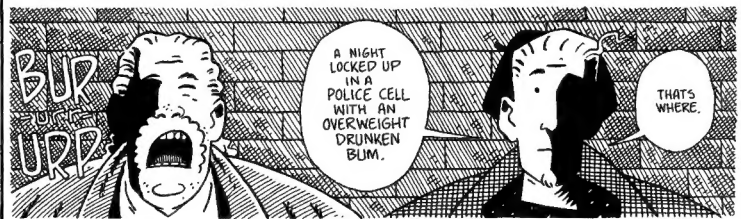
But as rubbish bins over
flow onto our streets,
threatening the health
and well being of the
city and its people,
perhaps we should
judge our leaders on
their ability to unite
people in a common
cause or goal, not by
how much they alienate
people, forcing them
to choose sides in a
fight no one wants to
take part in.

BUT IT COULDN'T BE
PUT OFF ANY LONGER.

IT WAS TIME TO FACE THE ACCUSER.



...AND IN THIS CORNER...

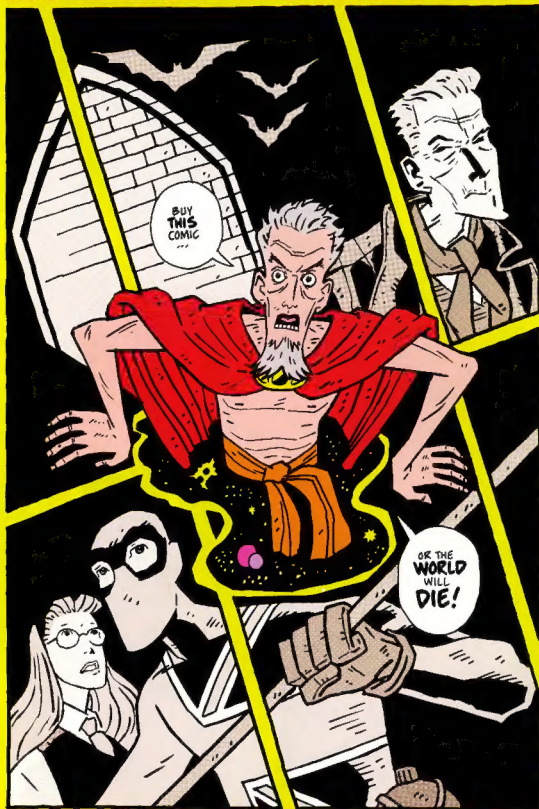






CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE



THINGS TAKE A TURN FOR THE WORSE

IMAGECOMICS.COM

